

## Awakening by cosmo17

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**Summary:** "It seemed so real. I mean, it seemed like him but there was this..." "The clown. Yeah, I saw him too." Leaving Hawkins, the Byers have moved to the quiet little town of Derry, Maine. Bob had always wanted them to go there, to his hometown. But something about Derry is wrong. Something about Derry is evil.

## 1. The Lab

**After watching Stranger Things, I've been inspired to write a crossover. The timeline is a bit different since the show and the movie don't match up to the year, but it's still set in the 80's! Spoilers for Stranger Things 3, no spoilers yet for IT Chapter 2. Enjoy!**

Hawkins Lab was as pristine as she remembered it. Sterile, was the word the men in lab coats often used. Fluorescent lights illuminated the corridor, the floors were shiny and the walls were stark white. Eleven padded along the corridor, wearing only socks and a hospital gown that was just a bit too big for her. She absentmindedly ran a hand along her head, reaching for her shoulder length hair. It wasn't there. Someone had buzzed it off. She couldn't remember when that had happened, but it was a foreign feeling. She had worked so hard to grow out her hair, wanting to be the pretty girl she'd always hoped to be.

A gnawing feeling clawed at her chest. It was a familiar feeling, one that Eleven had known from a very young age. The gnawing, the tightening of her throat, the prickling on the back of her neck. It was fear. She had sensed that something about this wasn't right, but it was only now as she walked slowly down the empty corridor that the fear began to grow inside her like a creeping web. Why was she here? Why was she walking down this corridor, in the lab she had grown to hate and fear so very much?

The music. She was following the music. Eleven closed her eyes and focused on it. It was a distant melody, one that she had heard before. Circus music. It reminded her of one of her first 'real' dates with her boyfriend. Mike had begged and pleaded with Hopper, to no avail, to allow them to visit the traveling circus together. Hopper had been more than happy to shut the boy down, telling him he could 'compromise' by letting them hang out in Eleven's room, with the door open at least three inches minimum at all times. Joyce Byers had managed to talk him down however, so Mike and Eleven were brought to the circus for two hours, while Hopper stuck around of course.

Eleven was overwhelmed and awed by the circus. Lights and games and a big tent in the center, where animals and tightrope walkers performed for the crowd. There was popcorn, hot dogs, cotton candy. Mike had won a small teddy bear at a balloon darts game, and sheepishly given it to Eleven with a tender smile. She'd taken it, holding it close to her chest. He leaned in and kissed her, a soft and tender kiss that Eleven had never wanted to end. She had felt something then that had been growing for awhile between them. She didn't know what it was, but it was in that moment that she decided she wanted to be with Mike Wheeler forever.

"*Eleven*," a voice whispered in her ear.

She stopped, knowing that voice.

"*You came back, Eleven. I knew you would.*"

She turned, and there he was just behind her. The tall man with white hair, dressed in a fancy suit. Papa. He smiled at her, and she stared back, locked in his gaze.

"*Don't worry, Eleven. You're home now*," he said, stepping towards the girl.

"Home," she said softly.

It was an in the moment reaction, that was quickly replaced by doubt. The doubt began to turn into fear again.

"No. Bad place. Bad," she said.

Papa's smile vanished, and he raised a hand, snapping his fingers.

"*Take her away*," he said.

Eleven's heart hammered as the footsteps of two men approached from behind her. She whirled around and saw them, the guards. Panic began to set in.

"No!" she yelled, running from them.

She ran as fast as she could, but the corridor only seemed to grow

longer the further she ran. Then she saw the door. It was just there, at the end of the corridor. A childish painting adorned the wall just to its left.

*Rainbow.*

Eleven flung the door open, freezing as she entered the Rainbow Room. Two girls sat on the floor, coloring a picture with crayons. A woman sat beside them in a rocking chair, mumbling nonsense under her breath. Eleven knew the words well, and icy fear plunged into her stomach.

*"Three to the right, four to the left. Rainbow, sunflower, breath."*

The woman looked up, and Eleven's mouth dropped open in horror at what she saw. The woman's face was melting.

*"You couldn't save me! You wouldn't save me! Brat, you worthless little brat, I don't have a daughter! My daughter is dead, dead, DEAD!"*

Eleven spun around and slammed the door with a heavy metallic bang. She trembled, her breathing becoming rapid, tears began to leak from her eyes. She didn't have time, though. The guards were there, grabbing her.

"No! No, no, no! PAPA! PAPA!" she shrieked as they lifted her by the arms, dragging her down the corridor.

The circus music grew louder as they approached another door at the other end of the corridor. Eleven thrashed and kicked, screaming and sobbing. They opened the door, the darkness of the room enveloping her entire being. She screamed, but they threw her in. She didn't hit the floor though. She heard the door slam, and she was falling.

Suddenly, she plunged into cold water. It completely consumed her, over her head. She looked around wildly, desperately, before realizing where she was. The Bath. A cylindrical tube filled with water, sealed at the top, Plexiglas surrounding the small enclosure. She was floating, floating in the water. The music was loud, very loud, as Eleven whipped her head back and forth, looking for a way out. Suddenly, it stopped. Papa was standing outside the glass,

smiling at her. He placed his hand against it.

*"My dear little Eleven. Trapped, like a rat in a cage,"* he said.

She could hear his voice clearly, despite being submerged. Then another voice came from behind her, and she spun around.

"Hopper," she whispered, feeling tears sting her eyes.

*"You know what kid, I think I like you in there. Trapped. Alone. Forgotten. I'm leaving you in there. You'll never get out."*

Eleven was crying, and she thrust her fists against the glass.

"Hopper!"

*"Did you really think I loved you? You're a brat. That's why I left. Because of you!"*

"No, no..." Eleven sobbed, watching as her father faded away in a cloud of dust.

"El?"

A new voice filled her head. His voice. It was clearer than the others, and she knew that he was there. He was really there.

"M-Mike?"

There he was. Where Jim Hopper had been standing a moment before, Mike Wheeler now stood in his place. Eleven gasped, tears of relief and joy coming to her eyes. She reached out to touch him, but her hand was stopped by the glass.

"What are you doing in there, El? Were supposed to go to the circus," Mike said, placing his hand against the outside of the Bath.

His freckled face was scrunched up with concern. He stared into El's eyes, and El stared back, longing to be free of the Bath so that she could feel him. She desperately wanted to hold him, kiss him, never stop. The music returned.

"I want to go to the circus with you, El. I'll... I'll get you a balloon. The kind that floats."

Tears streamed from Eleven's eyes, turning the water of the Bath salty. It was only then that something caught her eye. Standing just behind Mike was a clown. Eleven didn't like clowns. Mike had explained to her that they were just people, who dressed up and talked real funny to make kids laugh. This clown wasn't like that. It had a painted white face with bright red lips, and large yellow teeth. Bright orange hair stood up in tufts on either side of Its head, and It wore a smile that was not comforting or funny in the least bit. In fact, It sent a shiver of pure terror through her body.

"Mike," she whispered.

The clown cocked Its head, the expression unchanging. It held a bundle of red balloons in between Its incredibly long fingers. Eleven wished It would go away. She hated It. She was afraid of It.

"Mike!" she said louder this time, hitting the glass with her palms.

The clown took a long, exaggerated step toward Mike. Mike was still holding his hand to the glass.

"Mike! Bad, bad, BAD!" She shrieked, slamming her hands against the glass as hard as she could.

"El..." He said, just as the clown moved forward at an incredible speed.

It grabbed Mike, lifting him off the floor with both hands. His face wore an expression of surprise, and he turned his head to look down at It. The clown's smile widened, and Eleven saw something in It change. Its eyes turned yellow, and a low growl came from the back of Its throat.

"MIKE!" Eleven screamed in terror.

Too late. The clown's eyes spread apart and Its jaw opened impossibly wide. Its mouth was full of hundreds of razor sharp teeth. The monster turned and bit down, Its teeth sinking into Mike's shoulder before It pulled back, tearing Mike's arm off.

"NOOO!" Eleven screamed, sobbing in horrible anguish.

Mike screamed in agony, his arm ripped off at the shoulder, strips of bloody flesh hanging like a torn rag. Blood poured from the wound, and the clown tossed It's head back, gulping and chewing. The sound of flesh tearing and bones crunching filled Eleven's head, even among Mike's wails of pain. Eleven was screaming too, sobbing, manically slamming her fists against the glass. He was bleeding, he was hurt, he was dying...

"You can't save him, Eleven. He's going to die, and it's *all your fault!*" The clown spoke in a childish, sing song voice.

Blood dripped down It's chin, and it crouched over Mike.

"All your fault, all your fault, you killed Mikey! You can't save him, no no no!"

The clown's jaw snapped open again, and It descended on Mike, this time tearing into his throat. Eleven shut her eyes and screamed his name, the boy she loved. Her world, her everything, taken from her. Taken, gone. Gone forever.

**There it is folks, the beginning of my crossover. Feedback is encouraged and appreciated.**

## 2. Derry

"El? El? Eleven!"

Eleven woke up screaming and thrashing. Someone was shaking her, their hand on her shoulder. She swung instinctively, nearly hitting Will Byers in the nose.

"El, it's okay! It's okay!"

Eleven was shaking like a leaf. She stared up at Will, tears streaming down her cheeks. She choked out a sob and threw herself around him, hugging him as tightly as she could. He was real, he had to be. Her fists clenched his t-shirt so hard her knuckles turned white, her entire body shaking and heaving sobs.

"It's okay," he said more quietly, wrapping his arms around her and squeezing gently.

Eleven barely noticed Joyce leaning onto the other side of her bed until she felt her warm, caring touch caressing her right hand. She took Joyce's hand in her own, squeezing tightly. Joyce wore an expression of shock and deep concern. She didn't say anything, just squeezing Eleven's hand and rubbing small circles with her thumb.

"Just a nightmare. You're okay, you're okay," Will was whispering.

The three of them remained like this for almost ten minutes. Will continued to quietly murmur comforting words, allowing Eleven to cry into his shoulder, still gripping his shirt tightly. Joyce just held her hand, at some point using her other hand to run tenderly through Eleven's shoulder length hair. Her hair was back. Oddly enough, it was the first bit of relief she really got.

Eleven didn't speak. She couldn't speak. She could only cry. The nightmare hadn't been like a normal dream. Every aspect of it felt far too real. She could still hear that music in her head, still smell the lingering scent of popcorn, hot dogs, and cotton candy. She could still see the clown when she closed her eyes, ripping and tearing flesh with his rabid teeth. Mike. She could still hear his agonized sobs, still



see his face and how much pain he was in as that *thing* devoured him. She shook her head, trying to fight back the tears that kept flowing. Finally, she calmed down enough to speak.

"I'm sorry," she said shakily.

"It's okay, El. The nightmares are normal. We all have them," Joyce said softly.

Eleven sniffled, slowly letting go of Will and wiping her eyes with her sleeve.

"It... It felt so real," she said.

With the nightmare slowly fading from her mind, Eleven reassured the Byers that she was alright. She headed to the bathroom, splashing cold water on her face. It helped, her heart rate dropping back to normal and her hands slowly stopped shaking. She absentmindedly rubbed at her leg, feeling the scar there. Her dreams had changed since moving to Derry. While before they were filled with terrible images of monsters and screaming, she also had good dreams about her friends and loved ones. Now, every dream left her filled with a clutching fear that seemed to always linger. Eleven breathed deeply through her nose, then out her mouth. Hopper had taught her that trick, a long time ago.

She headed back to her room and opened the top drawer of her dresser, pulling out the worn sheet of paper. Hopper's speech. She read it every day. Some spots on it were stained with tears. She clutched it tightly, regulating her breathing, before placing it gingerly back in its usual spot.

Joyce was leaning against the door frame when she turned around, biting her lip.

"Did you want to stay home from school today?" she asked quietly.

"No. School will help," Eleven said, closing the drawer.

Joyce crossed the room, giving Eleven a tight hug before telling her that breakfast would be ready soon. Eleven nodded, her eyes trailing to the radio on her nightstand as Joyce left the room. She walked

over and clicked the button, not speaking at first.

"Mike?" She said softly.

Of course, she knew nobody was there. While Maine was in the same time zone as Indiana, school in Hawkins started an hour before school in Derry. Mike would already be on his way to school. They had set a time for their calls when Eleven first settled into her new home. He called her with the cerebro every day after school, at exactly 3:15. Three one five. They usually talked for a long time, never less than an hour. It was good to hear his voice. After the dream, she would have given anything to speak to him. She set the radio back down on the nightstand and headed down to breakfast.

Joyce was running about the kitchen, pulling bowls out of the cabinets and frantically yanking boxes of cereal out of the cupboards.

"I'm sorry, I don't have time to cook today. Jonathan's had all those early shifts lately, but he should be home when you get here, okay?"

"Okay Mom," Will said, pouring a big bowl of lucky charms.

He passed Eleven the milk, and they ate their breakfast in relative silence as Joyce left, kissing them both on the cheek before telling them she loved them. Once they had both finished their cereal, Will took their bowls to the sink, rinsing them out. Eleven picked up her backpack, and they headed out together.

Derry was a quiet town. Eleven liked it that way. Will had never imagined a place could be more boring than Hawkins, but they still found plenty to do. Riding their bikes around the quiet streets, joining the other kids in baseball games at the fields behind the High School, exploring the Barrens. The Barrens were one of Eleven's favorite places to go. It was nothing more than a swampy marshland that ran off to the Kenduskeag River, surrounded by woods. To Eleven however, it was wonderful. She liked to explore with Will, playing games that made her feel like a little kid. Tag and hide and seek, building forts out of branches and knowing that nobody could hear them talk. It was perfect.

Neither of them had made many friends yet. Eleven stuck with Will

as much as possible in school, only speaking short responses when someone asked her a question. They had both learned quickly to stay away from the Bowers Gang. A group of boys their age, fifteen, the Bowers Gang were sadistic bullies. Mouth Breathers, as Mike would have called them. Eleven had witnessed them chase a boy across the front lawn of the school one day, pinning him against the fence before Henry Bowers had bloodied his nose. She had very much wished she had her powers at that moment. She would have taught Henry a lesson.

Apart from the Henry Bowers and his gang, they had also figured it would be less than ideal to make friends with anyone from the 'Losers Club' a group of kids that were constantly picked on and regarded as outcasts. Everyone else seemed to look at Eleven and Will with contempt. So they stuck together, figuring their true friends were back in Hawkins anyway. They didn't need anyone else.

School was not how Eleven had imagined it. Too many people, too loud. She enjoyed the classes though. Language and Literature had quickly become her favorite subjects. So many books to read and get lost in, so many words that she had never heard before. Her vocabulary was expanding significantly, though some of her sentences still came out a bit choppy. She dedicated herself to reading and writing, though, and had begun a hobby of writing letters to her friends back in Hawkins. They always sent reply letters. Max's letters were always covered in stickers and glitter. Dustin's letters had a lot of big words, while Lucas's letters were rather short and to the point. Mike's were always several pages long, always ending with X's and O's. She kept them all in a folder under her bed. Even though she and the Byers had only been living in Derry for two months, the folder was filled with hundreds of pages. She sometimes stayed up late into the night, rereading them. It made her both happy and sad, tears and laughter mixing together.

Yes, their new life in Derry was good. Not perfect, but nothing ever was. Eleven just wished the nightmares would stop.

**So my challenge now is to piece together both sets of characters in one timeline. A little weird, since the stories take place at different times in the 1980's. This is definitely an AU, so I guess it's okay to screw with the timeline just a little bit? Right now**

it's set just after Stranger Things 3, and in the year leading up to IT Chapter 1. I'm having fun writing it, so that's really all that matters, right? Enjoy!

### 3. The Upside Down

Will Byers felt uneasy. He supposed he just hadn't adjusted yet to their new home. It felt too clean and orderly. He absentmindedly fiddled with the game piece from his old D&D set. The Demogorgon. Funny, that it was the one piece from the set he'd held on to. It felt a bit like a trophy. A reminder of everything that had happened.

Will got up from his bed and tossed his X-Men comic book on his dresser. He placed the Demogorgon next to it and headed out to the living room. Maybe watching television would help distract him from how quiet the house was. His Mom was working late tonight, and Jonathan had gone shopping over an hour ago. Eleven had left with her radio almost three hours before. She still wasn't home. Will couldn't help but worry a bit, but he knew where she was. The Barrens, probably. Since she had taken her radio, he knew that she would be talking to Mike. She liked the Barrens for the privacy it gave her to speak with him. Will hoped she would come home soon though, as it was starting to get dark. She usually stuck to the seven o'clock curfew.

"Will."

Will startled as he heard his name. It was a small whisper, so quiet he could hardly tell what it was. He stopped, his hand nearly on the knob of the television. He turned around quickly.

"Mom?" he called out.

"Will," the whisper came again, from the hallway.

He had definitely heard it. It was definitely his name.

"Jonathan? Are you home?" Will asked, the uneasy feeling beginning to grow in his chest.

"El? Who's here?"

Silence. The silence was worse than hearing that tiny whisper. Maybe it was nothing? It

could have been the cat. Then he heard it again, barely there. It sounded like it was coming from the bathroom.

"Okay, seriously. Not funny!" he called down the hallway.

Will huffed and walked briskly towards the bathroom. The door was cracked, a night light illuminating the entrance so they could find their way to the toilet in the dark. The door creaked as he opened it, snapping the light on. Nothing. Nobody was in the bathroom. Will let out the breath he hadn't realized he was holding, and allowed himself a small laugh. Of course nobody was there. This new house, the silence, it was all just freaking him out a little bit. He had plenty of reasons to be freaked out when he was alone, he knew. He felt stupid for a moment.

Will flicked the light off, turning around into the hallway. He gasped in fear then, watching his breath float into the air. Everything had gone cold, and very dark. He was still in the house, but it wasn't the house. The walls were rotted and peeling, the carpet covered with mold, the stink of decay filled his nostrils and made the hairs on the back of his neck stand up. He reached up instinctively, feeling the goosebumps that were forming under his hairline. He was in the Upside Down.

Will's heart raced, familiar and terrible fear squeezing him tightly. He couldn't breath.

"H-help! Help! Mom!"

He ran down the hallway, his pounding footsteps echoing in the dark, cold place. He flung open the front door and stopped on the front porch. Music was playing. A distant, far away music. A strange music. What was it? He looked around, eyes wide, sweat forming on his brow. Where was that music coming from? He knew it. Circus music. Will had never heard anything like it in the Upside Down before. He had never heard music at all.

The tune was distorted, like radio interference. He looked across the lawn, and saw It. A clown. It was distinctly contrasted against the dull, dark nothing of the Upside Down. It's face was painted white, It's red bottom lip drooping to reveal comically large, yellow teeth. It

held a single red balloon in It's hand. It was staring directly at Will, It's gleaming blue eyes boring into him. Will felt frozen. He couldn't move.

"What's the matter, Will? Have you come to float with us?"

Will's mouth hung open, and his head shook side to side without him even realizing it.

"We all *float* down here, Will. Yes, we *float*. Soon, you'll float too."

The clown's eyes turned yellow, and It seemed to distort. It's face was melting, and a shrill, haunting laughter came from It. Will snapped back to his senses, whipping around and slamming the front door shut. The house was normal.

The lights seemed to flicker back on, and warmth returned. The smell of decay left his nose, replaced by the clean air of his house. Pumpkin, the orange tabby, was rubbing against the leg of the coffee table. The cat meowed, indicating that it wanted it's dinner. Will suddenly felt sick. He ran to the bathroom and vomited into the sink, coughing as he finished and spitting the rest down the drain before turning on the faucet. His hands shook uncontrollably. As he watched the water wash the rest of his sick down the drain, he decided that he couldn't tell anyone what he had seen. Especially not his Mom. There was no way any of that was real. The Mind Flayer was dead, the Gate was closed, and they were fifteen hours from Hawkins, Indiana. It was just this stupid house getting to him. Will sank to the floor, wrapping his arms around his knees. Better to be crazy than to go back to that.

**This chapter was a bit shorter but fear not! I have plans for where this is going :)**